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PHYSICIANS.

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Physician and Surgeon.

Office—B. F. Henry's Drug Store North side

DR. A. T. NOE,

Homeopathist

KIRKSVILLE, MO.

Office hours 9 to 12 a. m. 2 to 5 p. m. and 7 to 8 p. m., Sundays 9 to 12 p. m.
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Physician and Surgeon.

Office—Sperry, Mo. Will attend calls day and night.

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P. F. GREENWOOD,

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THE WRONG CLUE.

A Detective Story.

BY MARLTON DOWNING.

Author of "The Wizard of the Mountain," "Cuba and the Cubans," etc.

"Oh, never mind, just yet. But,

doesn't 'inson' with the 'Wilk' prefixed, make Wilkinson."

"Why, of course it does."

"Then so far, so good," went on

Goodwin, with a complacency that was exasperating to the official.

"And 'here is something else,"

placing the other part of the envelope in the detective's hand.

"It's a broken seal," ejaculated

the man, in bewildered astonishment.

"Just so," returned the reporter.

At that moment the trio were

joined by the lieutenant.

"Look here, look here," shouted

Jewett. "See what we've got on to," holding out the damaging bits of evidence.

"What the reporter got on to"—

was the quiet reply.

"Makes no difference. I knew

that Goodwin was working with me on anything of any account.

You must let me have three or

four men right away, and we'll

look the murderer up before twelve

o'clock to-night."

"Wait a moment, wait a moment,"

returned Goodwin quickly.

"Do not forget that a little of

this belongs to me. I know right

where we can put our hands on

the man in whose possession these

pieces of paper were found, but it

will by no means be necessary to

turn out a whole squad of police

to arrest him. Mr. Bragdon here,

with you, Jewett, and a man I've

got outside, will be all that is re-

quired to take the prisoner. Then

again, I think it probable we may

be able to pick up a little more ev-

idence before the arrest is made.

What say you, lieutenant?"

"It strikes me," was the reply,

"if you know right where to put

hands on this person it is your

duty as a citizen to inform the po-

lice, and allow them to secure the

prisoner at once, so that no op-

portunity may be permitted for

him to escape."

"There is not the slightest possi-

bility of the man's getting away,"

replied the reporter. "We are

prepared to take you where he is

within half-an-hour's time, or per-

haps less. But I do not want him

arrested, if it can be avoided, un-

til we obtain further, and perhaps

more incriminating evidence, which

I am confident the man, himself,

will furnish if we go about the

matter properly."

And Goodwin proceeded to make

known his plans to the officers.

"It may do no harm to act as

you suggest," replied the lieuten-

ant, only half convinced. "But I am

afraid of dropping down on him at

once. However, as you have suc-

ceeded in ferreting out the criminal,

some regard is due your proposal.

So, Jewett, you'd better go

along, but on no account allow

the man to slip through your fingers."

"Oh, have no fears for me, lieuten-

ant. If I once set eyes on the

man he's got to come."

"Very well," answered Good-

win. "Let us be moving."

"A few paces from the station-

house the three men were joined by

Lynch, and it was with some sur-

prise that the detective recognized

his former prisoner.

"Hulloa, Dan, what are you do-

ing here?" he asked brusquely.

"The reporter will tell you,"

was the reply.

"Yes, Jewett," said Goodwin,

"I will tell you. It is to him that

is due nearly all the credit for un-

ravelling this mystery."

"Humph!" granted the detec-

tive.

"Oh, you may say what you will;

nevertheless it is true. Now, Dan

lead the way."

"All right, sir. But you must

remember when we get to the house

along with for awhile. You'll soon

forget me when I'm out of your

sight."

"Forget you, James Blackburn! I

wish to God I could!"

"There, there, let us have no

more of this nonsense," exclaimed

Blackburn rising to his feet, and

taking a roll of bills from his pocket

which he threw toward his com-

panion who was now sobbing hyster-

ically. "Take that, and make

the best of it. I leave you to-night

for good."

It was this exposure of money

under such peculiar circumstances,

which caused the exclamation of

the detective as he glanced through

the tiny holes in the wall paper.

"And do you think for a mo-

ment," questioned the young wo-

man as she struggled hard to re-

gain her composure, "that I would

touch another penny of your money?

How do I know by what

means you came by it, or by the

other amounts which you have re-

cently displayed? James Black-

burn," she continued, her dark

eyes flashing fire as she spoke,

"James Blackburn, I believe, as

heaven is my judge that you,

yourself played some part in the

murder of your partner, and that

the money which now lies at

my feet, is stained with his blood.

"Woman!" exclaimed Black-

burn, his face livid with rage,

"have a care to what you say, or

by all the fiends, I'll strangle you

where you stand!"

"Do so, James; do so if you

wish," was the undaunted reply.

"Why not take the life you have

already ruined? It would be a fit-

ting denouncement to a long, long

chapter of crime."

"This is too much. You shall

not live to repeat these words!"

retorted Blackburn, springing like

an enraged tiger at his prey.

But his threat was never execut-

ed, for the moment his fingers

closed about the delicate throat of

the young woman, the door of the

room was burst open, and the

wretch found himself in the firm

grasp of two men.

Red Dan and the detective had

secured their prisoner.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE ACCUSATION.

Before Blackburn could recover

from his surprise, the cold steel

bands were snapped about his

wrists, and his last hour of freedom

was past.

The culprit stood for a moment

as one petrified, gazing at his cap-

tors, then sinking into a chair

which was near at hand, he falter-

ed in a broken voice:

"What does this mean? Why

am I arrested?"

"Well for the present," replied

Jewett, "to prevent you from mur-

dering this young woman, here.

But maybe later on we'll be able

to give you a better reason. Come

I want you to take a walk with

me!"

"Wait a little, Jewett," inter-

posed Goodwin, who was close at

the officer's side. "It's only ten

o'clock, and our agreement was,

no matter when we found this man,

he was not to be taken to the sta-

tion until after midnight."

"What are we going to do? Sit

here and look at each other for two

hours like a parcel of apes? asked

Jewett, a little disconcerted.

"Yes, if nothing better suggests

itself," replied the reporter. But

why do you not allow Mr. Brag-

don, and Dan, to go to the lieuten-

ant and have him detail a man to

search the prisoner's lodgings on

Pleasant Street. Something of im-

portance may be found there. You

can say that you have your man

under surveillance, and will prob-

ably bring him in in a short

time."

"Perhaps it will be as well. But

I feel that I am taking a great risk

on myself in not placing my charge

under lock and key at the earliest

moment possible."

"I do not think so. You and I

can keep him as safe here as

though he were in the Tombs.

"Very well, let it be so."

This conversation had been car-

ried on in a low tone, and had not

been overheard by Blackburn.

"You can give your friend and

Dan the necessary instructions. It

will not require a written word

from me. The lieutenant will un-

derstand it," said Jewett, and

then turned his whole attention to

his prisoner.

When Goodwin dispatched Her-

bert and Lynch on their errand, he

impressed upon their minds the

necessity to return to him after

they had made a search of the

room, and by no means to allow

the officer